A Little Story With Leave It to Lou

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

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URING a visit to Marienbad, soon after his break with the Kaiser, Bismarck, in the course of a long walk, found himself a good way from the town, and on the return took a short-cut across the field. Suddenly he was halled in stout tones, and looking up he saw a counfryman pursuing him. The indignant farmer accused him of trespassing, and swore that he would follow him and give him in charge. Keeping his word, the man made his complaint and the police officer was about to arrest the crimical.

Demanding the offender's name the policeman, upon hearing it, was aralyzed, and the farmer fled in mortal terror.

Bismarck spoke kindly to the trembling officer and insisted upon going with him to the station. When there he charged himself with the offense of trespass and paid the fine.

In addition, the Prince sent a present to the countryman whose land had invaded.

What a pity it is that the great Chancellor did not make it his business to instil into the minds and hearts of the German people the SACRED-

NESS of the principle to which he paid such fine obedience at Marienbad. As an individual, Bismarck owed a certain duty to every other individual in the Fatherland. The fact that he was the great Bismarck made no particle of difference with the principle; the duty still remained, and the sacred obligation to respect it also remained.

Bismarck understood the situation serfectly well, realized thoroughly that INDIVIDUAL rights and responsibilities are inviolable always and under all circumstances.

But he falled to teach the German people that NATIONAL rights and responsibilities are equally sacred, and that there is one and the same moral law for individuals and nations.

Instead of doing that, Bismarck took the lead in teaching his Germans the false and dangerous doctrine that when it comes to nations the moral law may be disregarded. Then it is not right and justice but "Blood and Iron" that is to decide the course to pursue.

Bismarck, the individual, had no right to invade the field of the Marienbad farmer, but Bismarck, the Chancellor, had the right to rob Denmark, to beat down Austria, to take Alsace-Lorraine and to do whatever dse "Blood and Iron" might be able to bring about.

Thoroughly indoctrinated with this vicious idea, the German people went on from bad to worse, "believing a lie to be damned," until at last they invaded little Belgium, and thus invited the damnation which has over taken them.

Trespassing is trespassing, whether it is between individuals or nations. Right and wrong recognize no epochs or boundary lines. The moral laws make the same demand of private men and public.

Bismarck's private conscience made him settle with the farmer for having invaded his premises; and the world's conscience is now making Germany settle with Belgium for having invaded her neutrality.

It is a healthy and hopeful sign. It looks like the beginning of a new faith-the faith in the universality of right and the universality of our accountability thereto-the faith that what is right for one is right for all, and that as the one sun shines for all mankind, so above all men stands the law of righteousness and truth.

Advice on Courtship And Marriage

By Betty Vincent Jealousy Again

K." is engaged to a young complaint on the part of her own man who objects to her young man. Else she will develop holding "discourses with into a firt-and he into a tyrant; other gentlemen" of her acquaintance. "Is this," she writes, "enough reason for a girl to break her engagement?" Love is difficult enough to find and difficult enough to hold to make us view with exasperation the unnecessary difficulties we manage to throw around it. Jealousy in small matters is one of these.

Jealousy is, of course, a form of mar. "C. K.'s" young man, wanting to possess every bit of the personality of his fiancee, believes he can do this more effectually by keeping her from all contact with other men. He shows companion she makes for her husband. The wise man or woman interferes as little as possible with other persons'

more. The "thou shalt not" attitude be. The more intelligent he is, the greater freedom will he wish to give the woman he loves in all normal and proper ways. He has little confidence in either himself or her if he flies into a tantrum every time the speaks to another man.

I should advise "C. K." to talk the matter over amiably and frankly with her fiance, and have him understand that she declines to obliterate her individuality without cause, at the same time seeing to it that her "discourses" with other men are not such as to give rise to any JUST

Odd Bits of History

During the French Revolution 18,503 persons were guillotined by sentence ofthe Revolutionary Tribunal, of whom it was too late for that, as Matthews 13,623 were of piebeian origin.

It is related of Thiers, the celebrated French statesman, who died forty devil way, with a somewhat dissipated years age, that so long as there was face. His eyes went from one to always used notepaper with a deep black border.

Napoleon, it is said, in his schooldays defended the name of Nero and denounced Tacitus as a calumniator for picturing the crucities of that Roman amperer.

She Had His Number Before He Started Counting









The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

A Little Princess

ble pink bow hanging so "sort of "Oh!" breathed Betty, "and are you gracefully" at the back. Her flouncy going to change her name?" lace petticoats were just stiff enough to make her dress stick out so becoming! What is more, she had an exquisite hair bow to deck her shiny, brown curls and a pair of dainty patent leather slippers on her 'footies.'

Isabelle was to be her name. No more Betty for her! 3he was Isabelle now and she liked it. It sounded so rich and carefully chosen. She wanted to be a princess so badly! Were all her hopes to be blasted?

She walked over the soft, velvety carpet of green and soon reached a small lake. She looked into it and saw the reflection of her own little image. How grand she was! But she had no time to waste if she wanted to meet the prince in time. 40 she hurried on her way until she came to a little stone on which she inscribed, "My Prince, come!" In an instant a handsome prince appeared and gathered her up in his arms, as if to shield her from the cruel world. Then things seemed to become vague and soon faded away entirely as Betty felt a grip on her shoulders.

ed around and spied a crab-faced matron standing over her ready to strike her a blow. Oh! she was back again in that

horrid orphanage. If she could only dream forever! She jumped up from her bed, gave a quick giance in the mirror to see whether her white dress had disappeared or whether after all twasn't only a dream.

The grass is growing greener
The air is warm and clear
The brooks and streams tinkle softly for the summertime is here. wasn't only a dream. But alas! the same checked ging-

ham, the same pigtalls. Pho matron moved toward her and she dacted from the room and ran right into a very dignified, elegantly dressed lady.

We kiddles have a jolly time.

And I think of all the four seasons, Summer is the most kind.

By JULIENNE WARSHAW, aged "Scuse me, please, madan," mur-mured Betty. The lady smiled, which was surpris-

The lady similed, which was surpris-ing enough! She watched the fright-ened face of Betty, then, with a ten-der embrace, lifted her and kissed her pale cheek. "Oh! how heavenly a kiss feels," thought Betty.

"I've been looking all morning for a little princess. I went to several or-

little princess. I went to several or-phanages but I could not find her,"

explained the lady.

Betty's heart heat hard against her breast. She waited breatheasily.

"But." smiled the lady. "I think, yes. I am quite sure, I've found her and she is going to come home with me in a huge automobile."
"An automobile?" echoed Buty.

"Yes," said the lady, kindly, "and



A Story of the "Penrod" of Girls' Books, a Delightful Little Heroine, and How one rinus her oweetheart

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAITERS.

With fellow beings by building a cage called love around the desired person, if you try to thwart by this silly and artificial means the natural impulse for friendliness and social intercourse you do one of two things: You increase the feath of the reason she discharge Miss Harnes, and thanks a feather the desire for escape by shutting about the social of the desire of the desire for escape by shutting the doors. Or you hamper the mental and spiritual growth of the person you love by shutting her off from her fellow beings. This will prove a boomerang. The more restricted a woman is in her interests the poorer companion she makes for her husband.

HE felt the laugh behind his is 'No, Wally, Edouard was a dutiful son."

He chuckled. Max turned at the

"Don't encourage her, Wally." "For heaven's sake, Max, what are

ou going to do?" "Get her letters back, of course," "Isabelle, you and Miss Watts go somewhere else and wait," Wally urged, as his wife gave the butter

instructions. "No. I shall stay here."

"You'll do no such thing. You've done your part, now you leave the age. rest of it to us," ordered her mother.

"It is my hand he is asking for: "Now, we're getting to the point," those are my letters, and this is my for those letters?"

affair. I shall stay right here and see it through," isabelic asserted with firm determination.

"Yer' good. I say five sousand dollares." rest of it to us," ordered her mother.

Max saw that, except by force, there was no way to eject her, and was approaching with the Frenchman, sousand dollaires."

The hero entered with a ceremonious "From whom?" bow. He was good-looking in a dare- Chat."

Fears age, that so long as there was race. His cycle with they came to Isabelle, chance, Madame, to regain he indis-"Ah, mon adoree, c'est toi!" he But five sousand dollaires is five soucried, and before any one could stop sand dollaires." him, he seized her bands and covered them with kisses.

"Monsieur Petard, we have read He bowed.

your letters to our daughter, and "Five sousand dollaires is my price; heard her story of her correspondence Madame."

(Continued.)

HE felt the laugh behind his to us, and to close this painful inciwords, so she answered gravely: He turned to the girl.

"I ask you one question. Do you love me?"
"Why, no," she said, simply, "I told

liar!" cried isabelle. e considered a second. have come all ze way to zese

countree, because of ze lettaires of your schoolgiri!" "That does not interest us"—firmly.
"No-o? It ees an expenseef voy-

Max looked at Wally.

'Nonsense! I'll give you \$1,000."

"But I cannot accept zese."

"So, you threaten us, do you?" What is your address?"

He gave it. "Our lawyer will call on you Max took command. She spoke, ten in the morning at this hotel, with ye

HE CRICKE

HE negotiations between M.

with. This wily editor, who made his Watte. by scandal, obligingly outlined the advertising campaign he would follow, to lead up to the publication

Anxious as Mrs. Bryce was to have be alone, but I'm so in disgrace now inside, loud argument. Then slience.

Anxious as Mrs. Bryce was to have be alone, but I'm so in disgrace now inside, loud argument. Then slience.

After what seemed a long time, Larry opened the door. the scandal suppressed, she was un-willing that Wally should pay the to lengthy and irritating meetings followed-discussion and bargaining. Wally insisted upon paying anything they asked, and putting a period to the affair. But Mrs. Bryce was up-

"O my Lord!" cried Isabelle, as if the "Walked Present me to the buy it were a prayer. She ran out of the room and down the hall, with Miss Watts," he replied.

Walked Present me to the buy in Miss Watts," he replied.

Miss Watts, he replied.

Miss Watts in a trembling voice waid:

"Mrs. Bryce, this is Captain O'Leary is probabled and then delighted.

"Mrs. Bryce, this is Captain O'Leary, a friend of Isabelle's and mine, from Bermuda."

Mrs. Bryce stared—too astonished mine, from Ermuda."

"Larry-Larry" she cried. In the took both her hands and beamed to speak. The tall, young man was aware of Miss Watts, and he gar-prised everybody, including himself. The tall is my father," said Isabelle. prised everybody, including himself, by saluting that lady's cheek. "Capt. O'Leary!" she exclaimed, here," d kised him back.

"That or nothing."

They all went into the nying room.

They all w ad kised him back.

They all went into the living room, stormy eye.

"Wo'll hear your objections later."

"Just landed. Where are your pa-rents?" nts?"

It. With one long arm Capt. O
"They're out. Oh. I'm in an awful reached for Monsieur Petard, ot of trouble with them."
"Why didn't ye tell me ye were
eavin' down there?"

cable from Wally to hurry home. I told everyhody."
"I didn't know. What's this trouble loughtn't to begin the moment you

Yes, ye ought. Let's hear."

as Mrs. Bryce had supposed that they would be. She did not have to be told that, after the notoriety of the Cartel incident, the name of Isabelle.

Bryce was one for editors to conjure

"I know you and Isabelie want to

Her go with you, unless I go."

He frowned, then smiled.

"Of course, get your bognet. isabelle and I will have enough time belle and I will have enough time huddled in his chair. He was pretty much abashed. Larry held up a

So all three of them got into the package of letters.

Captain's taxi, and hurried to the address which isabelle gave the driver.

Dossession. May I keep them, for the "A the affair. But Mrs. Bryce was upled by Clifford in the idea that they down to a much love me?"

"Why, no," she said, simply, "I told you I didn't."

"I did not believe. Your friend, the Mademoiscile Poliock, she say you are crazy about me."

A motor drew up to the curb and a street of the manner."

"As Bryce, the letters are in my dress which laabelle gave the driver. There was some little difficulty in Mrs. Bryce, the letters are in my dress which laabelle gave the driver. There was some little difficulty in Mrs. Clifford's outer office, but Capt.

"Let's go back to Bermuda; I hate office boy out of the way bodily, window. "We've got to get out of picture; she tell me you are crazy about me."

"As motor drew up to the curb and a strole in, unannounced. The lawyer of the letters are in my dress which laabelle gave the driver. There was some little difficulty in Mrs. Bryce, the letters are in my dress which laabelle gave the driver. There was some little difficulty in Mrs. Clifford's outer office, but Capt.

"Mrs. Bryce, the letters are in my dress which laabelle gave the driver. There was some little difficulty in Mrs. Clifford's outer office, but Capt.

"Let's go back to Bermuda; I hate office boy out of the way bodily, this hateful house. The spy will be followed by the two women.

Startled glances were lifted to this driver.

She nodded. "This gentleman has just signed a office boy out of the way bodily, the did by Mr. Clifford. This will be held by Mr. Clifford, in case of the lower figure, if they persisted.

"Let's go back to Bermuda; I hate office boy out of the way bodily, the did by Mr. Clifford. This will be held by Mr. Clifford, in case of the driver.

She nodded. "This gentleman has just signed a followed by the two women.

Startled glances were lifted to this tall office, but Capt.

"A motor drew up to the curb and a strole fit way and the give with the driver office, but Capt.

"In the was some little difficulty in the office boy out of the way bodily, the way be did by the way be did the give

cture; she tell me you are crass make the best of it."

Your me."

A motor drew up to the curb and a strode in, unannounced. The lawyer man got out, looking up at the num- rose angrily. "How did you get in?" he de- turned to Isabella,

Miss Watts in a trembling voice | Inabelle looked at Larry inquiringly, said:

"Mrs. Bryce, this is Captain | Great of the same of the sam

The two men shook hands.
"I object to this man's coming in here," began the editor of Chit-Chat. Capt. O'Leary fixed him with a

began Clifford, but he never finished the gentleman by the seat of avin' down there?"
"I thought you knew. We left on a for him.
"I thought you knew. We left on a for him.
"Don't kill him," she said, as he

went out.
Wally and Clifford rushed after Wally and Clifford rushed and Mos him. Isabelle followed and Miss Watts got as far as the door. Max and the editor sat still, but sounds came to them from the outer hall.

Watts. "Who is this man?" demanded Mrs. Bryce. "Don't talk! If that creature hurts cable me? As it is, I took the first him," said Isabelle, her ear at the door.

The editor left hastily. Mr. Clifford went into the outer office, and Max wanded. "Why didn't you tell us you were Walked Present me to the Bryces, going to marry this man?" she de-

"Ye must forgive her, Mrs. Bryce, ye see she didn't know it. I've never

chances with him! The crematory!"

66C UPPOSE,"- said Mrs. Bryce, as they got into the limousine, "suppose

Wally," said his daughter, stern-"Max wants you."
"What does she want?" impa-

out two eager hands to Isabelle, but she ignored them.

"Sweetheart," he said, anxiously. "Larry, you told a lie."
"Many of 'em, darlin'. Which one?"
"You said I was going to marry

'Aren't you, crickety-Cricket?"anxiously.
"I haven't decided-yet,"

"I haven't decided—yet."
"But won't ye decide, dearle?"
"I may—when Im properly asked."
"What is properly. Mavourneen?"
"I dont know. I've never been pro-

posed to before, except by Jean Jacques Petard." She was entirely in earnest, so he humored her.
"My dear," he said gently, "I love

ye a very great deal. I want ye to love me a very great deal, and to be my wife." my wife."

Both arms went aroud his neck.

She drow his tall head down to her and kissed him.

There was no need of words, their happiness was folded round them like a cloak. Isabelle had come home.

Sealed Shrouds By Joseph Gollomb.

A Fascinating Detective Story of the Big Interests of Wall Street and a Girl Who Fights Them to a Finish. WHERE is Lovette?"

"He should be here any minute now," Noguchi said. "I am curious to see what he is like," Well, I intend now to vote with you and Lovette-if he is still of the

same mind as Kate reports." "Good!" Tariton exclaimed grimly. "Thumbs down for Griswold!" Mellish declared. "We'll take no more

This is only one of many mystifying situations in Mr. Gollomb's new novel. It is a gripping tale of how a girl fights a ring of Wall Street bank-It was about ten minutes later that ers and wins. But you can't guess the story until you read it.

BETTY was all "starched up" in she is going to live in a benutiful B her very best white dress, which had that darling, adorable pink bow hanging so "sort of "Oh!" breathed Betty, "and are you



I'm so glad. I believe in "Oh!

Hetty feit a grip on her shoulders.

Her big, blue, wondering eyes slowly opened in a dased manner. She look-years, Brooklyn, N. Y. THE BEGINNING OF SUMMER.

The sun is shining brightly. The trees and flowers are beginning The birds are singing sweetly, For it is the month of June.

As the summer days slip by Summer is the most kind.

By JULIENNE WARSHAW, aged

eleven years, Albany, N. 1 THE FOUNTAIN.

Out in the garden
With flowers so gay
Sparkles the fountain
The long summer day. Over the pebbles

Shining so white Little fish start Like flashes of light. Flowers are blooming Close to the edge While the song of a bird Is heard in the hedge.

On, on forever
May it sparkle so bright
And to others, as to me
Be a great delight.
By MARION TANSEY, fourteen
years, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHY I LOVE THE KIDDIE CLUB. I love the Kiddle Klub because I find in it a powerful ally which being to make me broad-minded and so-Wally started to speak, but she stopped him.

"You will hear from us to-morrow," asked a question, and when the climax was reached he leaned back and roared. Isabelle's eyes suddenly mist-charmante," he sighed as he left.

"Oh, but, Larry, it isn't funny, it's awfull: He's trying to make Wally pay a lot of money for my letters, and contents and started at the two young peopse. The editor defended himself with a chair.

"Oh, but, Larry, it isn't funny, it's awfull: He's trying to make Wally pay a lot of money for my letters, and contents is this of yours?"

CHAPTER XX.

At this astounding statement on the climber to god-like liberator she with heightened color but otherwise and own suddenly, bereft of words, and started at the two young peopse. "Take me home, Wally," she said.

"Take me home, Wally," she said. quainted with my Klub Cousins. The contests the Klub holds arouse the kindling fire of ambition in every Klub Cousin's breast. And how feels to get your first one dollar prize check! Such a glorious thrill which we phetpone explanations when I hear people speaking about until after lunch. I'm too worn out to understand anything you may as I think of the many sacrifices the conversation was casual enough the end of this war. This war which on the way home. Once there, Isa-belle manoeuvred to get Larry alone. of preserving our liberty and honor, but Waky stuck to him like a which our forefathers bought and

He went, rejuctantly. Larry held Get Busy on the Fly Question, Sam! By John Dowling.

paid dearly for with their lives and

fortunes.
By ARNOLD MALKAN, aged thir-



HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.



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